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Religious Miscellany.

Going Home.

Call it not dying when we cast
The mortal part away,
And plume our wide expanding wings
For realms of cloudless day.
Call it not dying when we see,
By faith, the open door
Altering us to that bright world
Where we can sin no more.
Call it not dying when we break
Our prison bars in twain,
And our freed spirits soar above
The reach of care and pain.
Call it not dying when we go
To that dear home above,
To dwell with Christ the crucified,
Where all this life is love!
Call it not dying when we'll meet
The loved of earlier years,
Where God's own hand has guided them,
And wiped away their tears.
Call it not dying, timid ones
Who fear to cross the stream
That leads you on your beatitudes above
Where heavenly glories beam.
No! call it going home to God,
Call it a peaceful rest;
Call it departing from this earth
To live among the blest.

Immortality.

For many years previous to 1825 it had been
known that the planet Uranus was subject to
certain perturbations in its orbit, which could
not be accounted for by the attraction of the
sun, and of other planetary bodies. From the
nature and amount of these perturbations, Le
Verrier, a French mathematician, demonstrated
the existence of an undiscovered planet, and
he completely determined its place in the
solar system, that when Dr. Galle, of the
Berlin Observatory, pointed his telescope to the
place designated by Le Verrier, he not only
found the new planet, but found it within one
degree of its computed location.
Here, then, we not only have an unknown
planet casting the spell of its attraction upon
those that are known and seen, and producing
thereby its visible effects, but to the eye of re-
ason these mysterious effects become the infallible
proof of the existence and direct action of another
world, hitherto unknown. So with the human
soul, which continued love for the dead. We
follow them to the shores of the final river, and
they reach immortality. No more do we listen
to the moans of their friendly voices, and behold
the light of their smiling countenances. They
are hidden from us by the veil of death, as from
creation's morning, Neptune had laid hidden
from mortal vision in the depths of immensity.

Secret Prayer.

There is, perhaps, no better test of the religious
state of the individual than the frequency
and delight with which he engages in secret
prayer. If we have a dear and confiding earth-
ly friend, our communion with him is sweet, and
we seek his society often. We do this the more
proportionately as our attachment to him is in-
creased. Our relations to God are regulated by
the same law as to our friends. The true child
of God will be on terms of the greatest intimacy
with his heavenly Father and will ever delight
to seek council and direction from him, while he
has never been adopted into his family thence
his presence.
Secret prayer is not only a test of Christian
character, but it is also an efficient means of
the attainment of holiness. To those who have
already introduced, frequent intercourse is often
conducive to strong and lasting friendship. It
is a common remark, "One only need become
acquainted with that man in order to love him."
This is emphatically true of Christ. The closest
one of the best of places in which to become
acquainted with him, and have our attachment
to him strengthened. It will be well for us if
we are often found there. We should enter it not
only to pour the secrets of our hearts, but bur-
den those mysterious efforts become the infallible
proof of the existence and direct action of another
world, hitherto unknown. So with the human
soul, which continued love for the dead. We
follow them to the shores of the final river, and
they reach immortality. No more do we listen
to the moans of their friendly voices, and behold
the light of their smiling countenances. They
are hidden from us by the veil of death, as from
creation's morning, Neptune had laid hidden
from mortal vision in the depths of immensity.

The Power of Humility.

Upon one of the late Dr. Hawker's visits to
London, a poor woman was so blest to
understand his ministry that she felt anxious for
an interview to make it known to him. Upon in-
quiry, she found that he was staying with a gen-
tleman at Clapham, and there she directed her
steps; but when she came and saw the large
mansion her heart failed her, and she only
thought, "I shall not be allowed to see him."
She will speak with a poor woman like me." After
passing forward and backward many times in front
of the house, she put forth an effort and pulled
the bell; but no sooner had this been done than
she wished in her heart that the bell might not
ring. In a few minutes after ringing
a servant in livery opened the gate, and de-
manded her business; she told him she wanted
to be allowed to speak with Dr. Hawker. The
poor woman was then ushered into the drawing-
room, elegantly furnished, there to wait for the
doctor. While she was thus waiting she said,
"I wish I had not come here; just presumption!"
In the midst of her heart-softening
reverie, the doctor walked into the room; the
woman, in visible agitation, rose tremblingly;
but he, with the sweetness of one whom the love
of Christ constrained, said, "Do take a seat,
dear woman;" he himself also sat down very
near to her. This tender carriage of the doctor
removed much of the humble visitor's timidity,
and emboldened her to tell out the heart-ful joy
she had been filled with under his discourse.
After a long interview, in which the man of God
did not, as it too much the case, deal with her
haughtily, but to the weak woman he said,
"The poor woman was induced to tell him how she
was discouraged when she came and saw the
large mansion, and was ushered into that princely
drawing-room by the livery servant. The doctor
listened to the artless statement, and,
looking round upon the costly furniture, said in
reply, "Ah, these things are not my glorious
Lord's; faith's views of the person and work,
blood and right-ownership of Jehovah Jesus, make
all such things to sink into insignificance; their
captivating power is a blank. To me such things
are as so many nothings; while He, and He
alone—Jesus, is the everything of esteem."

Christ in the Family.

My friends and brethren, I am not unmin-
dful of the benefits of the sanctuary; I am not
unmindful of the benefits of our social meetings;
but all it is sweet for me to think that Christ
comes into our dwelling, and that he is made
known to us there, where we live, and at our
tables, among our rights and our friends. Reli-
gion is not a guest that men put on, but
it is not a steel armor; it is a sweeter and more
beauteous than flowers. It mingles with all our
affections, and sanctifies them. It enters into
our family life, and exalts it. It is just that
spirit which is at most agreement with every-
thing in us that is best. It is tender, it is gen-
tle, it is familiar, it is domestic. You do not
know how to love wife or husband till you have
known how to love God. You do not know how
to hold the noble affections of friendship till God
has taught you how to take him in disinterested
love. Christ was known in the breaking of bread.
Take Christ anywhere—in the sanctuary or in
the street; but oh, as you go home to-night, ac-
cept Christ in the household. Father and moth-
er that have children to rear, you cannot afford
to neglect them. Perhaps you could say of your-
selves, "It is optional with us whether we go
backward or not;" but oh, look into the
credulity and love, can you rear that babe with-
out God, and without hope in the world? Look
upon those children that are now prattling
around your feet, and learning of you every day,
oh, father and mother, and tell me, are you fit
to teach them anything of Christ? And are
these children well brought up that are launched
into the world without religion? If God has

wants be upon them, O Lord; there is no other
way of bearing them; it expects all from him
and from the single warrant of his word.—John
iii: 33.

3. Faith always glorifies God, for it ventures
itself upon his word. The believer is still in his
frame, in the exercise of faith: "Now, here I
have God's faithful promise; and if it should
fail me, I should certainly kill for ever. My
soul, body, reputation, privileges of the gospel,
all my concerns whatsoever, are all laid upon
the faithfulness of God; they are all put in that
bottom of the ship; if I miscarry, I am gone
forever." Who is there of believers that believes
that, that a bare adventuring of their eternal
salvation upon the Son of God, by virtue of the
promise of God, brings more glory to God than
all these things can do?—1 Cor. i: 30, 31.—
Thruall.

Do we Repudiate.

Christian, this question is addressed to you.
How much do you owe to Him who has created
and preserved you to the present mo-
ment? How much do you owe to Him who
has redeemed you from the thralldom of sin?
And in what manner do you propose to discharge
this debt? Not by works of righteousness for
these will never avail. Only by a full and entire
surrender of soul and body to him, can you
hope to gain his favor. And what is the amount
of the debt which you are unable to discharge?
It is infinitely more than you can conceive of. Only
in eternity will you be able to form any idea
of the debt of love you owe to Christ, your Saviour
and Redeemer. What has he done for you?
He has done everything that an Infinite God
could do; given his own life to ransom you from
sin; suffered and died that you, through his
blood, might be saved; given his holy Spirit to
enlighten, renew, and sanctify you, that you may
be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in
light.

Will we not from this time resolve to do some-
thing for Christ? How much we owe to Him!
We shall never know until we have a sight of
heaven with all its joys, which he has purchased
for us by his blood, where we shall spend
eternally of blessedness in learning what we owe
to our only Saviour and Redeemer.
"When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking 'er his finished story,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,
Not till then, how much we owe."
—Boston Recorder.

Death-Bed Repentance.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in a deeply solemn
discourse on death-bed repentance, preached
late, gave it as the result of forty years' ob-
servation in the pastoral office, that "he had not
with a single instance of sick-bed repentance
which, upon the recovery of the individual,
turned out to be genuine." That which
satisfies us of the genuineness of the sick-bed
repentance, he continued, "is not what he said,
but the testimony of One who could penetrate
beneath the surface, and could know, what we
never can, the reality of man's professions."
The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in a sermon on the
words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock,"
said: "In my short ministerial life I recollect
of but one man who, after making professions
of fidelity in sickness, remembered to keep them
after he got well. I went to see him, and he
said, 'My sickness incapacitated me from talk-
ing to you; and something tells me that it would
be dishonourable and cowardly to seek religion
now, just at the end of my life—if I am to die,
but I promise you that if I ever recover I mean
to attend to the subject of religion.' And
probably the first visit he made after his recovery
was at my house and to me. He introduced
the topic himself by saying, 'I have come to ask
you how I may become a Christian?' And he
became a Christian man, and I believe that he
has had a consistent Christian life from that hour
to this. I do not recollect another case of this
kind, though I recollect scores of cases of men
who made promises in sickness, in afflictions,
and broke them when they were released from
trouble."

Authority of the Bible.

The Rev. Aldophe Monod gives the following
illustration of the benefits arising from the
reading of the Bible: "The mother of a family
was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion
in the presence of his own children; just as he
intended to bring them all up in the fear of the
Lord. One day asked her how she preserved them
from the influence of a father whose senti-
ments were so openly opposed to her own. This
was her reply: 'Because to the authority of a
father I did not oppose the authority of a mother,
and that of God. From my earliest years, my
children have always seen the Bible upon my
table. This holy book has constituted the whole
of their religious instruction. I was silent, that
I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a
question, did they commit any fault, did they
perform any good action, I opened the Bible, and
the Bible answered, reproved, or encouraged
them. The constant reading of the Scriptures
has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises
you.'"

Religious Intelligence.

A Pleasant Superintendent.

None will differ with me when I say that the
superintendent of a Sabbath-school has the suc-
cess or failure of his school in his own hands.
That what the captain is to his ship and the
general to his army, the superintendent is to his
school, and that almost every one is successful
or not in building or perpetuating a school as
he is qualified or not, faithful or not for to his
charge.
I regard one of the principal elements of suc-
cess in a superintendent to be cheerfulness.
An Sabbath-school can readily distinguish
between a pleasant, good natured, happy-faced
superintendent, and one who is cross, and mor-
ose, and disagreeable. Oh how we love the
former! How his very presence lends cheer to
our hearts, and what encouragement do we find
in the kind words he so often drops into our
ears!
As he enters the Sunday-school room his smile
looks more of happiness and cheerfulness than
his words could express. Teachers are encour-

aged; while the scholars flock around him from
their several classes for one cheering word or
kind look.
When the school is called to order, and he
opens the book of God to read precious words
to them, they readily listen; and when the knee
is bowed in prayer none are idly staring about
them, or talking and whispering, or in any way
disturbing the solemn service. Why? Because
his kindness to them has won the hearts of the
little ones, and from the very love for him it is
their highest wish to render him obedience.

I will admit of here and there an exception.
We will find in almost every school unruly boys
and thoughtless girls who will give trouble, but
take it as a general rule, and a school that has a
cheerful, pleasant, kind, loving, and happy faced
superintendent, one whose countenance is the
sure index of the happiness of his soul, and you
will find his school prosperous, the teachers at-
tentive, the scholars happy, and order their first
law.

Said Gen. Havelock, in reply to a remark of
a friend as to his influence over the men of his
regiment, "I keep close to them, have personal
contact with each man, and know each man's
name."
This closeness to his men was the secret of
Havelock's success. Just so will the superin-
tendent who thus gets near to his scholars meet
with the largest success. Not so with our cross,
ill-natured superintendent. Instead of a happy
face and smiling countenance, he carries a visage
that repels, rather than attracts, all who come
near him. A large part of the session he takes
up in scolding and scolding. Nothing pleases
him, nothing suits him, and nobody likes him.
He seems to care for none but self. You will
never find him speaking words of loving kind-
ness to the little barefoot boy or motherless girl,
who have no one through the week to sym-
pathize with them, to direct their little steps
right, and with consolation their dark hours.
You will not find him going on the Sabbath
morning from class to class, speaking words of
cheer to the teachers, and buoying up their
spirits, bidding them be faithful to their work,
and noting them to God and heaven for their
great reward. Or, if he should do some of these
things, he does them so coldly, and in such a
formal way as to excite no feelings of love and
happiness. I repeat it, such a man cannot be a
successful superintendent.

I have in my mind's eye a man at the head of
a Sabbath-school, every teacher and scholar of
which, I believe, would sacrifice all they pos-
sessed if they could only thereby make him hap-
py and show their love for him. His teachers
all love him, the Bible-class scholars affection-
ately regard him, the main school loves him, and
even the little feet of the infant school scholars
delight to run to greet him. O how all love
him! and his school is prosperous.

Brother superintendent, be cheerful and pleas-
ant to your school. Speak kindly. Show by
your every action that you love them and they
will be pleased to obey you, and will listen to
your bidding. Teachers will be encouraged,
scholars converted, and your school will be de-
servently successful and prosperous in every de-
partment.—S. S. Journal.

The Hindus—A Sect of Reformers.

There is a reform association in Calcutta, In-
dia, bearing the above name. They are the
most active proselytizers, and have sent mis-
sionaries of their own to the other two contin-
ents of India to preach the reformation they have in
mind. The following is the covenant which is
subscribed by every Hindu who joins the movement:
"1. I shall worship through love of Him, and
the performance of the work He loveth, the
Supreme Being, the Creator, Preserver, the
Destroyer, the Omnipotent, the Bountiful, the Good,
the Formless, the only one without a second,
and one of the created objects, subject to the
following conditions:
2. I shall labor to compose and gradually
bring into practice a ritual agreeable to the
spirit of pure Theism, and free from the super-
stitions and absurdities [mark these are not my
words, they are the words of the Hindus them-
selves] which at present characterize Hindu
ceremonies.
3. In the mean time I shall observe the
ceremonies now in use, but only in cases where
circumstances are indispensable, as in marriages
or funerals, or where their omission would do
more violence to the Hindu community than is
consistent with the proper interests of the Veda
Society, in Sradhas. And I shall go through
such ceremonies, where they are not inconsis-
tent to pure Theism, as more matters of routine,
destitute of all religious significance, as lifeless
remains of a superstition which has passed away.
4. This sacrifice, and this only, shall I make
to existing prejudices. But I shall never en-
deavour to despise any one as my religious
opponent, and never stoop to equivocation or
hypocrisy in order to avoid unpopularity. [By
the way, it would be well if some of our teachers
of new things would conform to this rule.]
5. I shall discard all sectarian views and
animosities, and never offer any encouragement to
any.
6. I shall as a first step, gradually give up
all distinctions, and amalgamate the different
branches of the same sect.
7. Rigidly as I shall adhere to all these rules,
I shall be perfectly tolerant to the views of
strangers, and never intentionally give offence
to their feelings.
8. I shall never violate the duties and vir-
tues of humanity, justice, veracity, temperance,
chastity.
9. I shall never hold or attend or pay for
nautches (that is native dances) or otherwise
indulge in encouragement for prostitution.
10. I shall encourage and promote to the
best of my power, the re-marriage of widows,
and discourage early marriages.
11. I shall never be guilty of bigamy or
polygamy.
12. I shall grant my aid toward the issue,
in the vernacular, of elementary prayer books
and religious tracts, and also of a monthly jour-
nal, whose chief object shall be to improve the
social and moral condition of the community.
13. I shall advance the cause of general and
female education and enlightenment, and particu-
larly in my own family circle."

"14. I shall study the Sanscrit language and
its literature (especially theological) and pro-
mote the cultivation of it by means not calcu-
lated to promote superstitions.
"To-day, being the day of the month of
—, of the Kayalada—, I hereby embrace
the faith of the Veda Somaj, and in witness
whereof I set my hand to this."

General Miscellany.

Revelations of an Old Monastery.

Until the summer of last year, one of the chief
objects of interest to visitors at Panchal, Madia-
ra, was a grand old monastery belonging to the
order of St. Francis. In June, 1864, however,
an order was received to have it pulled down,
that a court of justice might be erected on its
site. The workmen had been toiling for some
hours, during which the crowd around the Go-
thic arch had greatly augmented, when a cry was
heard within the building such as escapes strong
men when their feelings are suddenly and vio-
lently aroused. Instantly there was an answer-
ing voice from the crowd, who, breaking through
the slender barrier presented by a wooden bolt
lying across the entrance, rushed frantically
through dim corridors and terror-haunted cham-
bers, awakening as they went multitudinous
echoes with their wild and impatient calls and
shouts. Guided by the rapid and reverberant
strokes of the workmen's tools, the crowd-quick-
ly reached a room at the extremity of a long
slimy hall, from whence there was another en-
trance. It was a lofty room, but of small di-
mensions, having an iron door at either end.
High-up in the southern side-wall there was a
great window, and at the opposite wall the men
who had uttered that cry of fearful import were
working with furious energy, white face to face
with them stood the rigid body of a woman,
whose glassy eyes death had failed to close, and
whose fair, soft flesh decay had spared during
the long period of three hundred years. She
stood in a deep recess in the thick wall, beside
a small fire-place, which had been surmounted
by a beautiful mantle-piece of pure white un-
glazed marble. In removing the costly slab,
a portion of the wall had suddenly fallen, betray-
ing to the masons the appalling secret of a living
tomb in the vestry of the Church of St. Francis.
With the presence of the crowd the horror-stricken
workmen regained their falling courage, and
redoubled their powerful efforts to widen the
breach; while each well-aimed blow of their
crow-bars increased the general excitement, as
more and more of the ghastly form stood re-
vealed. It was richly attired in fine silk, still
retained in its ample folds the freshness of its
original tint. A small spray of brilliant
gleaming in the abundant black hair, which still
hung in heavy braids down the shoulders, though
it had lost its softness and its shadowy gloss.
Such a grave dress was horribly suggestive of
a dead body. The faces of the crowd darkened,
their voices deepened into a pent-up roar, when
suddenly the remainder of the wall came tumbling
down, exposing to the eyes of the dismayed
through the fleshless skeleton of a man lying
at the woman's left hand, in a piled-up irregular
heap, as if he had slid down some after bones,
when the sinews and muscles which had given
beauty and strength to manhood had loosened
their hold before crumbling into dust.

Mercantile Law.

FUNDAMENTAL LEGAL PRINCIPLES.
1. That which is originally void, does not by
 lapse of time become valid.
2. A personal right of action dies with the
 person.
3. The law compels no one to impossibilities.
4. No one shall be twice vexed for one and
 the same cause.
5. The greater contains the less.
6. The law favors things which are in the cus-
 tom of the law.
7. The husband and wife are one person.
8. Every act shall be taken most strongly
 against the maker.
9. When two titles occur the elder should be
 preferred.
10. Agreement overrules the law.
11. He who derives the advantage ought to
 sustain the burden.
12. No man shall take advantage of his own
 wrong.
13. When the right is equal, the claim of the
 party in actual possession shall prevail.
14. He has the better title who was first in
 point of time.
15. A right of action cannot arise out of
 fraud.
16. It is fraud to conceal fraud.
17. The law assists those who are vigilant,
 and not those who sleep over their rights.
18. Ignorance of the law excuses no one.
19. Who does not oppose what he might op-
 pose, seems to consent.
20. When contrary laws come in question, the
 inferior law must yield to the superior; the law
 general, to the law special; an old law to a new
 law; man's laws to God's laws.—Ind. and Com.
 Gazette.

Colors, as Applied to Dress.

Few people give themselves the trouble to
 understand the rules of color. They consider
 as belonging to an obtuse science. The
 principles, which are supposed to be too much
 wrapped in mystery to be worth the trouble of
 acquiring by any but professional persons, are
 those comprehended in the laws of contrast of
 color and contrast of tone.
First, as regards contrast of color. There are
 three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow.
From these every other color is formed, and
 each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting
 or complementary color. The complementary
 of each simple color is formed by the Union of
 the other two (and is therefore called also the
 secondary); that is, green being the mixture of
 blue and yellow, is complementary to red; vio-
 let, being formed of red and blue, is complemen-
 tary to yellow; and orange, a compound of red
 and yellow, to blue.
Each of these colors, when placed near its
 complementary, intensifies its effect. Green con-
 trasted to appear redder, blue adds a brighter
 tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color
 of violet. In other words, every color looks its
 purest and best when it is beside its complemen-
 tary.
The movements, the changes, and the trans-
 formations which affect the material of the globe
 and metamorphose it according to time and
 places had no significance for our ancestors.
The circuit, always in action, which nourishes the
 plant at the expense of the soil, the animal at the
 expense of the plant, and which returns to the
 soil through the animal that which it had lost;
 these harmonies of nature, which the commonest
 farmer now understands, did not enter the imagi-
 nation of the profoundest philosopher a century
 ago. Geology was nothing more than inspired
 romance; the crust of the earth had not been
 explored; the history of its formation had not
 been written; it was then unknown that in the
 fossil remains of a rock it contained the in-
 fallible story of its origin; that in the history of
 the development of the globe is revealed the re-
 lative condition of the mountains and the sea to
 the former condition of the Alps and Pyrenees,
 and of rival chains. Thousands of plants have
 been collected and named, but Jesus had not yet

classified them into natural families. Cuvier had
 not applied the same laws to the animal kingdom.
One could not then embrace in one view the
ensemble of nature, from the ephemeral lichens
which, at the summit of the Alps, or on the con-
fines of the pole, mark the last palpitations of
life, up to the giants of the tropical forests, whose
existence dates beyond historic time; from the
equivocal microscopic productions, the last argu-
ment of the partisans of spontaneous generation,
up to man created in the image of God. One
could not, thus guided by Cuvier or Brogniart,
mount from age to age, reconstructing in their
forms, their aspects and even in their habitations,
the animals and plants which have preceded
the advent of man upon earth, and which con-
ducts us through epoch upon epoch back to the
moment when life first maintained itself upon
our globe.

Art of being Polite.

First and foremost, don't try to be polite. It
will spoil all. If you keep overhauling your
guests with ostentation to make themselves at
home, they will very soon begin to wish they
were there. Let them find out that you are glad
to see them by your actions rather than words.
Always remember, let beautiful people alone at
first. It is the only way to set them at ease.
Trying to draw them out has sometimes the
contrary effect of driving them out—of the house.
Leading the conversation is a dangerous experi-
ment. Better follow in its wake, and if you
want to ender yourselves to talkers, learn to
listen well. Never make a fuss about anything
—never talk about yourself—and always pre-
serve composure, no matter what solacium or
blunders others may commit. Remember that
it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that
you cannot offer to your guests a better house,
or furniture, or viands. It is fair to presume that
the visit is to you and not to the surroundings.
Give people a pleasant impression of themselves,
and they will be sure to go away with a pleas-
ant impression of your qualities. On just such
slender wheels as these the whole fabric of soci-
ety turns; it is your business, then, to keep
them in revolving order.

Woman's Trials and a Hint to Men.

Do ever men folks think how much work
they make a woman by going into a house with
muddy boots? It would take but a moment
for them to use the scraper and leave outside
the house the dirt which they track over the
floor, oil cloth and carpet, or which they leave
on the stove hearth or fender—all of which must
be mopped, cleaned, scraped, wiped and scrubbed
off. If your wife, mother or sister fail to
clean up the mess you great big boy or man
have made, what a howl you raise because
things about the house look so like sin! And
when you go home at noon or night, do you
ever notice how you act? Of course not, or
you would not do such careless tricks. You en-
ter the door with a slam—it closes half and
some woman must shut it after you. Your
overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner
of the room—you hat falls away into another
corner to light upon a stand or under it—gloves
are thrown on a table—neck-wrappers hung on
the first handy chair, and down you sit in the
centre of the room where every one must nav-
igate around you. After you have been two
hours in the house the place resembles a cat-
fight. Hat, boots, coat, newspapers, overcoat,
gloves, books, jackknives, hair brush, and all ar-
ticles you may have in your hands are scattered
as though a hurricane had swept through the
room. Books, papers, magazines, almanacs and
memorandum book are ruffled from their place.
And when you have to leave, what a time is
there. No one knows where your things are.
"Where is my hat?" "Where is my overcoat?"
"Who had my gloves?" Every one in the house
is put upon a witness stand, and it is more
trouble to get you started down town than to
launch a steamer or to start a new stage coach.
Then after you are gone, the woman must
spend a quarter of a day, more or less, in pick-
ing up things which you have scattered. Her
trouble is you don't think. It would be better
to put a moment to hang up your coat and hat—
to put your gloves in your coat pocket—to draw
your neck-wrappers through the sleeve, and to
cultivate your bump of order. It takes but a
moment to put an article in its place and then
it can be found. The woman who takes care of
the house has enough to do without choring
after her legs round or waiting on a lot of men
day. A woman's work is never finished.
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Old Things.

Give me old songs, those exquisite bursts
of melody which thrilled the great of the inspired
poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note
has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture,
of sorrow and sadness. They tell of days gone
by, and time has given them a voice that speaks
to us of those who breathed those melodies;
may they mine to bear till life shall end; and
"I launch my boat" upon the sea of eternity,
may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer
me on my passage from earth to earthland!
Give me the old paths where we have wan-
dered and called the flowers of friendship in the
days of "Auld Lang Syne." Sweeter far the
dells whose echoes have answered to our voices,
whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps,
whose hills have in childhood's days reflected
back our forms and those of our merry play-
fellows from whom we have parted, and meet no
more in the old noons we loved so well. May
the old paths be watered with heaven's own dew,
and be forever green in my memory!
Give me the old house, upon whose stairs we
seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose
porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the
winds that whistle through the old eaves, beneath
whose branches lie the graves of those who once
trod the halls and made the chambers ring with
glee.
And O, above all, give me the old friends,
hearts bound to mine in life's sunny hours,
and a link so strong that all the storms of earth

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